

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE BY JOHN WHITE
CHADWICK, SUNDAY, APRIL FOURTEENTH,
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE, WITH
OTHER SERVICES IN RECOGNITION OF
THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE
FIRST MEETING OF THE SECOND UNITA-
RIAN SOCIETY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

"Our finest hope is finest memory."

—GEORGE ELIOT.

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MORNING SERVICE.

ORGAN VOLUNTARY: "Largo" (Xerxes).—*Handel.*

INVOCATION: CHOIR.

Everlasting Holy One!
Many a well-beloved son
Thou dost choose, like Him of old,
For Thy truth's sake to be bold.
Not by any outward sign
Dost Thou show Thy will divine;
Deep within Thy voice doth cry,
And our spirits make reply.

Lo! we stand before Thee now,
And the silent, inward vow
Thou hast heard in that profound
Where is neither voice nor sound;
Thou hast heard, and Thou wilt bless
With Thy might and tenderness;
We have come to do Thy will;
With Thy love our spirits fill.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

INTRODUCTORY SENTENCES.

HYMN. TUNE: Missionary Chant.

O Life that maketh all things new—
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men!
Our pilgrim feet, wet with Thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows;
The seekers of the Light are one.

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joy of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God;—

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death,
The Life that maketh all things new.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

CHOIR: "Praise Ye the Father."—*Gounod.*

PRAYER.

HYMN. TUNE: Prayer.

(Written for our Twenty-fifth Anniversary.)

We sowed a seed in faith and hope
Out in the unfenced lands.
Now, rooted deep and spreading fair,
A living tree it stands.
Nor strife nor cry has marred its growth,
But, broadening silently,
Each bough that sways in sunshine says:
"The Truth shall make you free!"

Its leaves have for our healing been,
By dews of heaven blest;
Beneath its boughs our children sang,
Our dear ones passed to rest.
We in its shade with God have walked,
Whom our own hearts could see,
And lo! from need of rite or creed
His Truth has made us free.

From outward rule to inner law
That Truth our feet still lead!
From letter into spirit still,
From form to life and deed!
From God afar to God most near!
Our confidence is He;
From fear of man or church's ban
His Truth has made us free.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

It has been plausibly maintained by some of the geologists that America is the older continent, but, thought of in the terms of civilization and enlightenment, nothing *upon* the continent is very old. It is but little more than four centuries since Columbus, unaware of what had happened, touched our shores, not half the time since Oxford entered on her millennial career and Alfred made a brave beginning for that England who is the mother of us all. There are Unitarian churches in America which are venerable as measured by the standards of our American history; the oldest that of the Pilgrim Fathers, 1620; the First Church in Salem, 1629; the First Church in Boston, 1630; but these churches have not this age as Unitarian churches. They were originally Calvinistic, and did not become Unitarian till a century ago and less. It is the Congregational organization and not the Unitarian faith that has the venerable date. The first church organized in America as Unitarian was that of Philadelphia in 1796. The first church to *become* Unitarian was King's Chapel, Boston, 1785. The next was even more distinguished, the Church of the Pilgrim Fathers, at the century's turn. This was the first New England Congregational church to hang out the Unitarian banner. Of the old Puritan churches we have, or had a few years ago, 120 on our Unitarian list.

The first Unitarian church in this vicinity, organized as such, is also the first Congregational church in New York, that of All Souls. Our Brooklyn beginnings were in the thirties. In all strictness the Church of the Saviour is the second Unitarian church in Brooklyn. It was chartered as such, but in 1842 its charter, as well as that of the original First Church, was abandoned and a new First Church was

duly incorporated. Consequently, our mother church was only nine years old when we were born. "Where everything is new, and our own is of the newest, no savour of antiquity must be expected in the feast prepared." I said this twenty-five years ago, but since then so many Unitarian churches have sprung up that ours is now one of the most immemorial. Yet, somehow—I do not know exactly how—the fifty years now past seem less extended than did the twenty-five in 1876; perhaps because then I was still young, and now am getting old, and all the years seem shorter than they did. Perhaps, too, because since then we have had many centennial anniversaries, and any historical period less than a century in length seems less important than it did.

In 1876 I recited the life-history of our Society and, if I would not falsify that history, I am obliged to repeat many of the details which were embodied in my Twenty-fifth Anniversary discourse. To invent others for the sake of an agreeable variety would be quite improper. Moreover, some of you have forgotten those details, and others have joined themselves to our assembly since our former celebration. All beginnings fluctuate around different points, and the dates formally agreed upon are generally more or less arbitrary. Some, no doubt, would say that we should reckon our lifetime from November 5, 1850, when there was a meeting at the Brooklyn Institute "of persons in favor of the formation of a second Unitarian Society in Brooklyn." Charles M. Olcott, father of George M. Olcott, one of the later presidents of our trustees, was chairman of this meeting, and the secretary was Benjamin F. Seaver, father and namesake of our present secretary, two out of many examples of a continuity which has run the old and new together in one sacred stream. The need of a second society was urged upon the ground that since the formation of the first the population of the city had nearly doubled and was nearly 100,000. When the secretary writes that Dr. Farley and several leading members of his church "had been consulted before proceeding to *any* action whatever, and had all warmly approved the movement," the record seems too flattering to those concerned, but it is certain that no bad blood in this case, as in many others, furnished the seed of the new church. Something less than perfect satisfaction there

was no doubt with "the sincere milk of the Word" which Dr. Farley measured out. To-day there is not a single person connected with our Society who was present at that meeting of thirty-four persons, and the only survivor is, I think, Mr. John C. Beale. In and between the lines of Mr. Seaver's record of the meeting we easily discern the leading spirits. One of them was E. S. Mills, another was Hamlin Blake, father of my friend, James Vila Blake, one of the most gifted of our Unitarian ministers, his gifts unique as they are beautiful. One thing to notice about this meeting and the general movement is that there is not a sign of any disposition to encourage a less conservative Unitarianism than that of the First Church. A call was extended to Dr. A. P. Peabody, then preaching at Portsmouth, N. H. Later his connection with Harvard University brought him an enviable and tender fame. In 1850, as later, he was one of the most conservative of Unitarian preachers, and, if he had come when called, this might have been the banner church of Unitarian conservatism.

But he did not come, though the committee sent to him was armed to the teeth with letters from Drs. Farley, Bellows, Gannett and others. "I do not believe," wrote Dr. Bellows, "that a Unitarian Society was ever started in our country with as strong a root as this. When before have we heard of fifty families starting up at once ready to claim a place among the most vigorous and important societies?" November 18 there was a meeting to hear Dr. Peabody's unwelcome letter, saying that he could not come. The committee kept up its urgency through the winter, but without avail. There was a third meeting, to hear its report, March 26, 1851. Mr. Reuben Daniell, who is with us and of us still, but prevented by broken health from joining in this commemoration, was present at this meeting. A first religious service was appointed for April 20th. With that genial optimism which is so characteristic of religious initiative, the expenses of the Society for the first year were estimated at \$2,000, and were \$3,300. A committee of twelve held various meetings, and the din of preparation was immense. What to do about the music was then, as sometimes since, a very serious question. A quartette calling themselves the Alleghanians was finally

engaged, and its secular and festive title was adumbrated by the assurance that its component parts were members of the Sacred Music Society. But this assurance was not enough for Judge Greenwood, who had agreed to play the organ, and he made a masterly retreat. So, after the first Sunday, did the promising young man, whose family, being Presbyterians, were deeply grieved that he should assist at Unitarian worship. If he had stayed we might have converted him or have softened his prejudices. We have had such fortune with some others. The Alleghenians were soon called away on a professional tour, and shortly the name of Mrs. Prindle appears on the musical records, the tradition of whose singing lingers among us to this day—a haunting melody.

The place of the first regular service was the Brooklyn Female Academy, lineal predecessor of the Packer Institute and occupying the same site. Dr. Gannett had been engaged to preach, but for some reason could not come and sent John Ware, who, being detained on the Sound, arrived a little late and a good deal disquieted. No echo of that first sermon has come down to us, but, because it was John Ware who preached it, it was surely good. So were the next following for several Sundays, Dr. Dewey preaching them. Ever after he had a certain tenderness for this Society, because of the response to that preaching, and extended it to me, when in due time I came into the good inheritance. At the first service there were about fifty male persons present, and one of these, Mr. W. P. Beale, a member of our Society from that beginning, is with us here to-day. Strangely enough, in view of their perennial help, the women were not counted, but of those who heard those sermons of Mr. Ware and Dr. Dewey we have Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Seaver and Mrs. Boggs still with us, by God's grace; and if Mrs. Manning did not enter on the work with these she was not far behind.

That, in its early course, the Society knew good preaching when it heard it, is shown plainly enough by the calls extended to James Freeman Clarke and Horatio Stebbins in 1852, and to Thomas Starr King in 1853. Whatever good has come to you from other men, it is easy to imagine what a career of usefulness and honor would have been Freeman Clarke's if he had come. He had already engaged to come for six

months, when his wife's health compelled a European journey, and the Society, not knowing when he would return, reluctantly abandoned him and turned to that great soul, Horatio Stebbins, whose subsequent ministry in San Francisco began on the same day with mine in Brooklyn and ran parallel with it for five and thirty years.

With him matters went so far that a house was hired for him and the money for its furnishing secured. He was then preaching in Fitchburg, Mass., and such constraint was put upon him that he could not get away. The ill news came on Sunday morning, January 1, 1853, and the Scripture for the day might well have been that which recites the successive calamities of Job. For it was signalized by the burning of the Female Academy, with the entire rolling stock of the Society, hymn-books, Sunday-School library, etc. Nevertheless there was the usual service, at the usual hour, in the Brooklyn Institute, a kind of torture-chamber then, where, from the high and narrow seats, one's feet dangled in mid-air. Secretary Seaver must have bustled round that morning in a lively manner. Four months later, April 23, services were held for the first time in the Brooklyn Athenæum, then a brand-new building and the finest in the city not a church. But in the meantime Starr King, of glorious fame, had been called, as vainly as the others heretofore, and Samuel Longfellow had been heard one Sunday, April 16, the last Sunday in the Brooklyn Institute. He was engaged in advance to preach six months, but was not kept upon the anxious seat so long. June 13, 1853, he received a unanimous call. Before his first preaching some had been much attracted to his friend, Samuel Johnson; probably we should make no mistake if we regarded Mr. Manning as the chief of these. But Mr. Johnson was too definitely and even sharply radical for the majority, and he said: "You must hear my friend Longfellow." Upon this hint he came, with the result which I have signified already. I should have said that in June, 1852, the Society was legally organized with a Board of Trustees, of which Charles M. Olcott was president. This organization contemplated the existence of a church, so called, made up of communicants (persons partaking of the Lord's Supper), but no such differentiation had taken place on Mr. Longfellow's

arrival, and there never was any such. Mr. Longfellow administered the Lord's Supper, but to the entire congregation—a measure hardly less radical than would have been total abstention from the rite. From the amended By-Laws of the Society all mention of an interior “church” is rigidly excluded. Article I. of Section 2 reads: “The pastor and congregation constitute the Society, and no subscription or assent to any formula of faith shall be required as a qualification for church membership.” This article, if I mistake not, dates from 1854, when it was inversely responsive to an elaborate creed which had recently been smuggled into an annual report of the American Unitarian Association, and had received the attention of Theodore Parker in one of the most pungent letters that he ever wrote.

Mr. Longfellow's first sermon in the Athenæum was printed; also the first after his ordination in October, 1853. Both of these sermons, “The Word Preached” and “A Spiritual and Working Church,” are preserved in the collection of Mr. Longfellow's sermons, made since his death. He said in the former: “The pulpit must not present a theology which contradicts clear facts of science or of human nature. It must not teach a bibliolatry which shuts its eyes to the plainest dictates of common-sense or puts itself in antagonism to reason and conscience—to the living word of God in the soul.” “As I walked through your beautiful streets,” he said, “I wondered into which of these homes shall I go, and leave, perhaps, some benediction.” The words were prophecy of a benediction as inclusive as the homes he entered and the friendships that he made. In the sermon following his ordination, at which Dr. Furness preached the sermon and Dr. Bellows gave the right hand of fellowship, Mr. Longfellow defined a church as “a society of men, women and children, associated together by a religious spirit for a religious work.” “Christian,” he said, must mean simply “religious,” or it would be sectarian. To the name “Unitarian” he objected, for Martineau's reason—it seemed to found a religious society on a theological doctrine. He sketched a scheme of work, some features of which were at once accepted by the Society and have characterized it ever since; notably monthly collections for charitable purposes. Another feature, “the printing and distribu-

ting of books and tracts," was never realized during his ministry, but since 1875 we have been faithful to the early hope in this respect.

The settlement of Mr. Longfellow was one of various signs that the new Society was gradually putting off the old man of Unitarian orthodoxy and putting on the new man of "Parkerism," transcendentalism, liberalism, rationalism. From the time of his settlement the Society proceeded rapidly to develop a strongly individual character, reflecting that of the pastor, who had a way of his own for doing everything he did. Did he baptize children, the service was a tender jubilee; did he marry people, the service was no mere ceremony but a sacred inspiration; no ministration to the sorrowing was ever less formal or more comforting than his; and "the communion," so called, was indeed that, human and divine, as he moved about among the people, carrying the elements in his own hands and breathing little fragmentary words out of the Bible or from his own spiritual deep. Men and women after his own kind gravitated to him and stood by him with unalterable devotion. There was growth by elimination as well as by addition. Some dropped away and others stayed who might as well have gone. His ministry attracted no crowds; it built up no great society; by our contemporary standards—numbers and bigness, noise and shouting—it was of small account. Tried by the highest standards, it was a success but seldom paralleled in the religious life of nineteenth century communities.

For several years the happiness of those who have no history fell to the lot of the Society. In the political world, the slave-power was marching on from one aggression to another, and Mr. Longfellow did what he could for the ideals of freedom and humanity, let who would hear him or forbear. In 1856 there was talk of purchasing the little church which is still standing on the corner of Atlantic and Bond Streets, not a brilliant idea, as seen from the present standing of that region. In May, 1857, it was resolved to build a chapel on the ground which we now occupy. "Chapel" was Mr. Longfellow's word, and "New Chapel" his designation of the completed building, from which many never varied their lives long. A building committee was appointed May 7, and ground

was broken the next month. With a fresh access of that genial optimism which marks religious undertakings, the cost of the building (the land, *horribile dictu*, being leased) was estimated at \$14,000, and was in the event some \$13,000 more. To make bad matters worse, the business crash of 1857 supervened, so that not all the \$9,000 subscribed was paid in. The sale of pews reduced the debt considerably, but a tidy residuum of \$10,000 was left—more than the original subscription. This, with the ground rent, was sometimes an almost fatal drain on the resources of the people. Question as we may the wisdom of this business, it should be remembered that there was no resort to such denominational or otherwise external help as has latterly become the habit of all church-building enterprises among Unitarians and others. However straitened, we have never gone away from home for the relief required.

I have told you more than once the story of the lilac-covered sermon which in the spring of 1858 was sent to a friend in Bridgewater, Mass., by Mr. Plimpton, for a long time one of the most influential members of our Society. From that friend it came into my hands, and was my first intimation of the existence of this Society, and shaped my dream of what a religious society should be. It was Mr. Longfellow's dedication sermon, preached March 2, 1858. A better sermon was never preached under this lowly roof. My dear friend, Mrs. Mills, wished to have me re-deliver it on some anniversary occasion, and one of my vain regrets is that I never met her wishes in this particular. When the year 1908 brings round the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication, you must see to it that your minister—I wonder who—reads it then, and gives out the noble hymn which Samuel Johnson wrote for the event:

" To Light that shines in stars and souls,
To Law that rounds the world with calm,
To Love whose equal triumph rolls
Through martyr's prayer and angel's psalm,
We wed these walls with unseen bands
In holier shrines not made with hands."

The text of the sermon was, "One God and Father of all, who is above all and through all and in you all." It was the

highest and most characteristic flight of Mr. Longfellow's mind. The flood of years has not denuded its essential truth of any part of its significance nor washed away from it one grain of gold.

A different text was suggested for the dedication sermon by some malicious person: "This man began to build and was not able to finish"—a reflection on the fact that higher walls were at first intended, but not carried up, the money giving out. But there was great pride and comfort in the new home and much satisfaction in the vesper service, the first of its kind established in any of our churches. It has had copies, few of them equal to the original, which, with the hymns written expressly for it by Mr. Longfellow, was a singularly happy product of his inspiration. It was a vital growth of his insight and imagination, and detached from him, as in Mr. Staples's case and mine, was an uprooted tree. For Mr. Longfellow its popularity was its main defect. Its appropriate quietness was devastated by the swarming crowd.

It was a tragedy that Mr. Longfellow remained with the Society but two years after the building of the church into whose foundations and superstructure had gone so much of his affectionate and careful thought. The strain of the political situation may have had something to do with the event. A plain-spoken, kindly man warned me to this effect. "Some of us," he said, "went round and let all the benches, and then Mr. Longfellow preached a John Brown sermon and drove them all away." This was a gross exaggeration with a kernel of reality. There was a John Brown sermon, and there were others of like sterling quality, deprecated by the more cautious in a halting and equivocating time; but a fuller tide of health would have carried Mr. Longfellow over into the years of the great war, when he would not have been fierce enough for those who had by this time plucked up their drowning courage by the locks. June 24, 1860 (having resigned his charge in April), he preached his "Parting Words," the text from Deut., xv, 1—"At the end of seven years thou shalt make a release." It was a noble exposition of his views and feelings on such great themes as God, Human Nature, Jesus, the Bible, the Nature of Religion; and all that is essen-

tial to the higher liberalism of to-day is packed within the limits of that one superb discourse.

In the fall of 1860 the Society showed a noble prescience by calling William J. Potter, then just settled in New Bedford. His coming would have meant immeasurable good for Brooklyn, as his staying in New Bedford did for that favored city, where, after publishing "Twenty-five Sermons of Twenty-five Years"—the best expression of our later thought—he still kept bravely on. Equally unsuccessful was the attempt to capture Octavius Frothingham, then barely entered on his brilliant course in New York City. In June, 1861, Rev. N. A. Staples, of Milwaukee, preached for you once or twice, and you hastened to invite him to remain with you. But, for all your haste, your letter found him in camp before Washington as chaplain of the Sixth Wisconsin Volunteers. Having served out his term in that capacity, he came to you in November, Mr. Frothingham preaching the installation sermon, November 6, and Dr. Osgood refuting it as best he could within the limits and obstructions of the installation prayer. Preaching his last sermon November 15, 1863, his active Brooklyn ministry exceeded two years only by one week. But in those two years he made a wonderful impression. For this Society they were years of pride and victory, for him a period of alternating hopes and fears and heroic struggle against fearful odds. A sick man for years, and sicker than ever when he came to you, his sermons were the embodiment of health, the expression of an amazing intellectual vitality. Somehow the heavens were opened to him as they had never been before, and he rejoiced in the vision with exceeding great joy, and reported it to his people in words of tingling flame. In 1870 I wrote, at your desire, a sketch of his life, with a few of his complete sermons and selections from others. These sermons and fragments justify the conviction that here was a preacher of uncommon force and power. But the printed page does not tell the whole story. The personality of the preacher added to the vigor of his thought and to his depth of feeling a magnetic force which multiplied their effect with the prodigality of a numerical exponent, cubing upon their statical significance to the tenth and hundredth power.

Agreeing substantially with Mr. Longfellow's theological and critical opinions, Mr. Staples was less considerate than *he* had been of the prejudices and even of the sensibilities of backward minds. In one respect he differed widely from Mr. Longfellow. He was much more enamored than he of the new science which in those years was coming in upon us in a flood. He was one of the first among us to take up into his preaching the significance of Darwin and Spencer, and no one has done it since with more of insight into the spiritual realities involved. In this respect his preaching was a wonderful anticipation.

The excitements and the terrors of the Civil War wore out his failing strength at an accelerated pace. He would sit up all night to get the news, leaning out of his window to catch some newsboy's far off cry of victory or defeat. His flaming soul burned up the house of life. You saw the approaching end, while as yet he could not, the splendor of his opportunity blinding him to all beside. Fortunately the last stage of his disease was short and swift. It was gladdened for him by his consciousness of having beaten out some little of his real music and by the unspeakable tenderness of many friends. He died February 5, 1864. He was only thirty-three years old. But in him it was fulfilled as it is written: "He, being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time."

Nothing could be more natural than for the Society to turn in its bereavement and its helplessness to Robert Collyer. He had been Staples's closest friend, and at his funeral, and again, more carefully, he had brought to you the solace of an exquisite appreciation of his character and mind. Mr. Collyer proving intractable to your desires, in May you sent a letter to your present minister, then a senior student in the Harvard Divinity School, and asked him to come and preach for you three months, beginning September 11. He came, bringing with him for a reviving cordial a call from the Haverhill Society, to which he had much recourse in the first stages of the experiment. But the agony was not prolonged. In less than two months (November 6) he received your invitation to remain. It was the Sunday before Lincoln's re-election, and my sermon was from

the text, "What God hath joined together," interpreted as Liberty and Union, "let not man put asunder." I think it cost me one dissentient vote. I was ordained and installed December 21. Mr. Collyer preached the sermon, and when, twenty-five years later, he preached it over again to us, it seemed to have gathered strength and sweetness every year, though, when we first heard it, it seemed too good to be improved.

It will always be to me one of the incomprehensible things that you should have made this venture, and another that somehow my "staying quality" prevailed over the difficulties of my position. Could I have compared myself, as I can now, with Longfellow and Staples, wild horses could not have drawn me from the safe inconspicuity of Haverhill to such a perilous seat. Or would the joyous hardihood of youth have made me bold to snatch what was so tempting to my hand? Certain it is that I was dreadfully young and crude and inexperienced. To make bad matters worse, my coming here was close upon the heels of five years of incessant overwork, and a starvation diet, necessitated by the conditions of a course of education without money and a passion for the private ownership of books. Hence came reaction and, where I had expected unwonted access of ideas, an emptiness as if my brains were out. Just at the worst, a friend took me off to the flag-raising on Fort Sumter, so that I was one of those who took to Charleston, where the rebellion had begun, the news of Lee's surrender and the rebellion's end, and after my return another friend welcomed me to his country home, and these novel situations and these genial influences brought back the blood into my heart, the thinking stuff into my brain. Meantime, and for a year or two, there was a gradual exodus from the Society of the less stable elements. It was natural and inevitable that those casually attracted by Mr. Staples's calcium light should not rejoice in such "a candle of the Lord" as had been established in his place. Presently I found myself with a constituency almost without exception signed and sealed with Mr. Longfellow's abiding spirit. Then it began to grow, and my very own began to come to me, until, in 1872, the condition of the Society seemed strong enough to warrant the undertaking of an heroic enterprise—

the payment of the debt incurred when the church was built, and which, in the course of fourteen years of various change and growth, had not been diminished. The sum of \$10,400 was raised, an amount nearly \$2,000 in excess of the original subscription for the church. The event could not have been more timely, for the next year came Black Friday and the long period of commercial misery and ruin following that fateful day. If we had waited a year, the debt might never have been paid, and the weight of that, added to our ground-rent, that "old man of the sea," would have been a well-nigh insuperable burden. We cannot be too grateful to those who initiated and carried out this enterprise. But some of those who were most prominent in it were captivated with the idea that a church must be "a paying concern," that the rental must meet the expenses, and, to bring about this condition, the rents of the pews were so much increased that, coinciding with the long financial depression, the increase tended to freeze out a good many of our people who could not afford the higher rates. This has always seemed to me one of the most ill-considered and unfortunate turns in the affairs of our Society, in principle radically wrong, disastrous in its effect.

The payment of the standing debt left unpaid a floating debt which had mounted nearly to \$5,000 by January, 1876, when it was absolutely discharged, and since then, with brief and inconsiderable exceptions—of late years without any—we have enjoyed the distinction, most uncommon among churches, of being free from debt, a state of things well pleasing to my soul, inheriting, as I do, from my father—who was, as Charles Lamb described his own, "a man of most incorrigible and losing honesty"—a hatred of debt which is one of the most serious passions of my life.

In 1876 we celebrated the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the church foundation, Dr. Bellows and Mr. Frothingham making the most notable contributions. Mr. Frothingham's portraits of Longfellow and Staples were by a master's hand. Almost simultaneously we entered upon the work of sermon publication and distribution. This was suggested by Mr. Bryant one pleasant day as we were taking one of our first walks together in my beloved Chesterfield. Mr. Frothingham had set an example which it seemed presumptuous for

me to follow, but in the event I have been glad of my temerity. In the course of twenty-six years we have published twenty-six series of eight numbers each—in all some 300,000 copies. More of the work of distribution has fallen to Mr. Bryant than to any other, and, I trust, more of the satisfaction and delight. Hereby I have enjoyed an extension of my pulpit work and influence, which has been to me a consolation but for which I should sometimes have wearied of the smallness of my way. It has brought to me hundreds of letters from all parts of America and from other lands, not to be touched by which, sometimes to grateful tears, would mark me as the veriest churl. It has assured me a larger parish of at least one thousand souls. If one sermon a month is their portion, that is as many as some of you here at home find necessary for your spiritual edification.

Closely allied with this work of sermon publication, and indeed one of its most effective instruments, has been the work of our Post Office Mission, now a committee of the Women's Branch Alliance, but in its origin anticipating that. Its first meeting, in 1886, was at the house of Mrs. Faris, and shortly all the meetings were at the house of Mrs. William Henry Parsons, whose interest in the work was very great and did not slacken when from year to year weakness and pain encroached upon her bodily strength but could not chill the ardor of her mind. In 1888 Mrs. Andrew Jacobs was made chairman of the Mission, and for twelve years continued in this office, doing an incalculable amount of conscientious work. Under her charge the work, now issuing from the Sunday-School Room as a place of meeting, grew to its present bulk, and Mrs. Faris, the present chairman, takes no backward step. The Mission is at present corresponding with 132 persons, nearly fifty of whom are in Texas and South Dakota. Ten of these correspondents are distributing agents. During the current year 3,722 sermons have been sent out, 724 magazines, 728 papers, *Christian Registers*, etc., with 89 letters, not to mention postals, 40 of these letters by the chairman of the Mission. Here is a work extremely personal, putting us in vital touch with more than one hundred men and women, many of them living lonely lives on the outskirts of civilization, and prizing unspeakably their communi-

cation with a larger intellectual and spiritual life than that afforded by their immediate environment. We cannot bring to those who have done for us this patient and exacting work more gratitude and admiration than their fidelity, asking nothing, should receive. I bow with special reverence before that inner shrine of their activity—their correspondence with so many whose faces they have never seen. Innumerable the spirits they have touched to finer issues in this beautiful and tender way.

The Women's Branch Alliance, of which the Post Office Mission is a vital part—was instituted in 1887, taking up into itself the Beneficence Committee, which was organized at an early stage of our development. Beginning with a membership of 35, it has now more than 80 members on its roll, and its committees on Hospitality, Literature, and Beneficence have done excellent work. The social life of our Society is now pretty much exhausted by the monthly meetings of the Alliance, and this life would be extremely one-sided and hyper-feminine were not the balance partly redressed by the church-aisle conference, which is held after every Sunday morning service. What would you think of a request, as in some churches, that you go out without speaking to anyone? Yours is, I think, a much more excellent way. The literary features of the Alliance work have taken a wide range and been profitable, both for instruction and righteousness, while the work of the Beneficence Committee, both as replenishing our treasury and as giving help where it is needed, has amply justified its name. I could not possibly exaggerate my sense of gratitude for what the Branch Alliance has done for the Society, and would have this feeling shared by everyone to whom the welfare of the Society is a cherished aim.

That ours has been a colonizing church is plain to all who know the history of our interior life. One of our colonies is the Female Employment Society, which originated in the aspirations of certain noble women here, and soon grew beyond our parish bounds. Another is the Flower Mission, which sprang like a red rose from the warm heart of Mrs. Beale. Another is the Brooklyn Guild, which had its personal origin within our ranks; here also some of its most active furtherance, the

Maxwell House standing preëminently for that individual help which it confesses in its name. The first private kindergarten in the city was long supported by your hands, and the first public kindergarten was Mr. George W. Banker's inspiration. All that we see to-day upon this fruitful tree is but what he foresaw. Reading within the week an interview of Mr. Andrew D. White with Tolstoï, I found that wonderful old man approving the publications of the Brooklyn Ethical Association as among the best things that had come to him from America. I would not make too much of that approval, but I have received too many testimonies to the value of those publications to doubt my own assurance of their usefulness and worth, or that of the Association in its general course. It began as a morning class in the Sunday-School, and went on to more ambitious, if not better things. I cannot but conceive that there was loss as well as gain in its expansive course. Dr. Janes was a born teacher, and you should have kept him here, though to do so you had been obliged to cut the minister adrift. I am glad of his success, but sorry that he ever left Brooklyn, where he is needed more, much more, than amidst the hum of Harvard's college factories.

Coming home again, by way of my allusion to the Sunday-School, I should say that that was instituted in September, 1851, and there are some of "the Whiting boys," and perhaps others, with us still who were members of it in its earliest years. I found Mr. Gerrish superintending it. For twelve years he stood up to the work with rare capacity for it, loving little children with that pathetic passion which we often find in persons who have no children of their own. He was my dearest friend, and a great light went out for me and mine when he passed out of life. Mr. Potts took up the work and developed an exquisitely beautiful service; Mr. Wheeler came next for many faithful years, and Mr. Palmer for a shorter term; I took my turn, and one came after me who should be preferred before me in all the work that I have ever done of any kind, and still she holds the fort. If I began to mention teachers I should not know where to stop. Unfortunately we have not required so many latterly, but the quality has never before risen to so high a point of intelligence and moral inspiration.

The transition is easy from this point to our present choir, so largely has this been recruited from the Sunday-School class formerly taught by Miss Ellen Brackett. Whatever its defects—and those composing it are quite as sensible of these as the most critical among you—it has contributed more to our common worship than any previous musical organization. Time was when this was conducted at an annual expense of more than \$3,000, which the Society could ill afford to meet. I can truly say that our singers generally in those times entered earnestly into the spirit of our services. Some of them endeared themselves greatly to the congregation. But for myself, I wearied of the everlasting criticism of the music as a purely æsthetic performance, and rejoiced when the excuse for such criticism was done away with forever. We have our failures still, but the moral temper of the situation is entirely changed. We are much indebted to our organist and chorister for his fidelity. I will not offend his modesty by so much as mentioning his name.

A few words may be permitted me concerning the course of my own special work during the seven and thirty years of my ministry to this Society. In its general import it has continued the traditions of rational freedom so firmly established by Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Staples. I have taught with them the moral character of God; the natural religiousness of man; the pure humanity of Jesus; the human origin of the Bible and its lack of all authority save that of its intrinsic rationality. Great changes have come over the spirit of the popular theology during my ministry. Before I came here I was warned of the danger of preaching for the Twenty-eighth Society in Boston (Theodore Parker's)—a warning which I did not heed—and I have lately written a life of Theodore Parker which has been received with exceptional cordiality by the leading orthodox journals in this country and in England. It is more than thirty years since I expounded, with all possible frankness, "What the Bible Is and What It Is Not." It was damnable heresy then, and now orthodox theological professors and orthodox preachers everywhere are racing with each other for my early goal, and expounding my doctrine ten times as fully and as cogently as I could at any time. In the Divinity

School it was my good fortune to live in an atmosphere quite as positively scientific as theological, so many of Agassiz's students were my companions in Divinity Hall, and high debate on the Darwinian hypothesis was always going on. I was an easy convert to that hypothesis, as should have been all Emersonians, and in general my early transcendentalism was gradually qualified by the scientific method. In the seventies all thoughtful men were struggling with what then seemed to be the materialistic implications of science, and I was not exempted from the common lot. There were for me then sometimes moments of thick darkness, but, resolving to preach nothing of which I was not well assured, I found my sinking bark had reached another sea; that the inescapable truths were, after all, the best. No less on this account was I delighted when the long fight with the materialists culminated in a glorious victory for the spiritual conception of the universe and man. Since the conclusion of that controversy my preaching has been less controversial, and, though better by that sign, perhaps less attractive to the passing crowd, to which some kind of a fight has latterly been an essential element of interest. If I cared to go upon the war-path, and bring you every Sunday a fresh string of scalps, there would be more to hear and to applaud, if not more to pay the bills. That think of coin reminds me that, for our ability, we have done well on missionary lines, giving each year about \$1,000, but some years nearer twice as much, including the expense of our own Publication Fund.

During the period of my ministry, and especially during its latter part, I have done much with my pen not represented by my pulpit-work. So doing, I have assumed that I was fulfilling your purposes with more efficiency than by withholding from the proffered opportunity. For I have conceived myself to be your servant for the propagation of rational truth and noble enterprise by all rightful means. And so, writing the *Life of Theodore Parker*, or any other book, *with your time*, I have said: "It is your book," you using my right hand and brain and heart to speak your truth and love to men beyond these narrow walls.

Nevertheless I have done a fair amount of writing for your immediate edification: Eleven hundred and fifty-two sermons

and lectures, reserving for the writing of each sermon three days of perfect disengagement from all meaner things; to each monthly lecture a much longer time. The lecturing went on for more than twenty years. It was an incalculable drain upon my time and strength. It filled my mind with useful knowledge upon various lines; that it did not often leave me spent for the regular sermons of each month I am by no means sure. But I seem to be forgetting that I am not intending a personal history but the history of our Society.

This has been subject to the stress and strain of our contemporary life. The social gravitation has been away from the churches. Fifty years ago religious societies were the social centres in America; even in the great cities they long since ceased to be so. The church-going habit, too, has manifestly fallen off. Simultaneously this has come about: that the dependence of the churches is less and less on those conventionally bound to their support; more and more on those deliberately devoted to their aspirations and their aims. In the course of my own ministry I have had two or three good congregations. The Reaper whose name is Death and the perpetual flux of an unstable life have decimated and depleted them, and others have come in to fill the broken files. But never at any time, I think, have we been a more compact and homogeneous unit than we are to-day, bound together by stronger ties of affection, lifting a common heart more unreservedly to beautiful and exigent ideals.

Even where this life-history has seemed to be too much the mere biography of one minister or another, you (the people) have been implicated in it at every step—your earnestness, your constancy, your loving kindness, your fidelity. If the ministers have done something, the people have done infinitely more. Your generosity has been to them a perpetual wonder, verging sometimes upon a doubting shame—"Can we deserve so much?" Then they have reflected that they were but your dull and broken weapons in the unending fight with ignorance and wrong. As I have looked over the records of the Society, and rallied my own thoughts, my heart has swelled with honest pride to see what men have served you all the way along in various capacities; what women, too; and I have wondered how many churches have had such noble

men and women conducting their affairs, how many could present so fair a record of unbroken harmony. It is simple truth that we have never had one parish quarrel in these fifty years. A good record that, as churches go. It is a melancholy fact that the business of churches is frequently conducted on a lower level than that of the shop and the exchange. It has not been so among you.

If I dared attempt it, how I should like to bless myself and you with a brief space of spiritual communion with those friends of high and liberal soul in whose light we have from time to time rejoiced!

"They throng the silence of the breast,
Imaginations strong and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience like a sea at rest."

But where should I begin? With Mrs. Mills, who was to me so large-hearted, motherly, and to all the vision of a high nobility of womanhood worthy of all obedience? Or with Mr. Manning?—large-brained, but with a larger heart; with philosophic calm revolving all the vaster problems of the time, and yet lynx-eyed for any human hurt. Vain the attempt to make the right beginning, or, that made, fitly to characterize, or even to name without many a culpable omission, those who have been our confidence and strength, our comfort and our peace.

"In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore."

It needs no word of mine to summon to this presence those who were nearest to your private hearts, those who loved this church of ours with a very great affection and gave to it their best of wisdom and of will.

I have been speaking long, and yet how little have I told of our life-history! For this in its completeness would include the aspirations that have been quickened here by sermon, hymn, and prayer; the comfort that has passed from soul to soul: the friendships that have been nourished in the

protecting shadow of this dear and pleasant place; the loftier ideals of social excellence and political justice and purity which have risen here upon the earnest mind; the daring hopes for earthly and immortal good which have been entertained within these sacred walls. The most that we can hope is that there have been many better men and women, many better young people and children, as the grand result of all that has been wrought and ventured here.

Taking the road again, for "road-melody or marching music," in Carlylean phrase, can we do better than to say and sing?—

" The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press till thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us—onward.

" And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal;
Goal of all mortal.
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

" But heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
' Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

" ' Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work and despair not.'"

SILENT PRAYER, CHOIR RESPONDING:

Eternal ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way!
Guide of the nations from the night profound,
Into the glory of the perfect day!
Rule in our hearts that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened and upheld by Thee.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,

One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow Truth, and thus to follow Thee.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

THANKOFFERING.

CHOIR: "The Lord is King."—*Trimbell.*

HYMN. TUNE: Federal Street.

Come, let us sing a tender song
Of those our glances seek in vain!
Dear heavenly friends, the way is long
On which we meet them not again!

But still, in memory's silent deeps,
Their spirits pure with us abide,
And faithful love its secret keeps
Of things beyond the parting tide.

Hail, happy saint, whose spirit lives
Unwasted in the songs you sung!
And you, whose voice such challenge gives,
As if a silver clarion rung!

And all who in the days no more,
With eager mind and glowing heart,
Here service gave and witness bore,
As knowing well the better part.

Come, let us sing a braver song
Of these—of all the good and true
Within the veil; God, make us strong,
More than they dreamed to wake and do!

1901.

—*John W. Chadwick.*

BENEDICTION.

EVENING SERVICE.

ORGAN: "Andante in F."—*Volkmar.*

HYMN: CHOIR.

Again as evening's shadow falls
We gather in these hallowed walls,
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace,
And strengthened here by hymn and prayer
Lay down the burden and the care.

O God, our Light! to Thee we bow—
Within all shadows standest Thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring.
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell
May hymn and prayer forever dwell.

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

SCRIPTURE READING: REV. JOHN P. FORBES.

PRAYER: REV. ROBERT COLLYER.

O Thou, the Eternal One, our Father, we gather together to-night in Thy name to lift our hearts to Thee, we trust in spirit and truth; to speak to each other of the years that have gone and, by Thy blessing, it may be, of the years to come; to look back and see what Thou hast done to help and bless

Thy sons and daughters in this place. All those years ago they gathered together in Thy name, they gathered that they might bear witness to Thy truth; that they might walk in the light, as children of the light; that they might do Thy will on earth as it is done in heaven, by Thy help and blessing, through all the time they should stay in this place; to bear free witness to Thy truth fearlessly and perpetually; to wait on Thee for the word to say; to look unto Thee for direction in the things they would do, the minister and the congregation together being of one heart and one mind in Thy service; to be faithful to the truth as Thou shouldst deliver it unto them, as they should see it in the wide world and the heavens, see it as Thy dear Son saw it when He was with us on the earth, in the human soul, in the great human family, in the glory and beauty of the world, in the shadow and in the sunshine, and find lessons everywhere they could teach and live out in their lives. They gathered together for this great purpose, and through all the years Thou hast maintained them as they have tried to maintain Thy truth, and to be faithful in word and deed through all. Now we meet, in the memory of the years, to bless Thee for the great bounty and benediction that has rested upon this church; for all the noble things they have been able to do in Thy name and as witnesses of Thy truth, and as men and women close knitted to this great city in which the church has stood as a light set on a hill. We cannot tell the story, we can only bless Thee that it has been so, and that minister and people have stood together for all that was true and lovely and of good report. Through evil report, as through good report, they have stood, a burning and a shining light. We bless Thee for the ministry of the church, so beautiful, so noble, as some of us so well know; so faithful and so true to the grand, great charter of freedom on which the church was founded. And we bless Thee for the people that have maintained the ministers in their place, that have been so faithful and true through shadow and shine to this pulpit and its teachings. What could they have done for Thee, or for the truth, or for the great seething life of this great city, had they not so stood together, resolute to be of one heart and of one mind for Thee and for the Gospel, striving to do the work that Christ

did when He was with us, taking Him for their divine pattern, and thus enlarging all the boundaries of faith, as they were led to see how great it is, how beautiful, how good, how true, holding in their hearts that grand, sweet gospel, to which we have just listened, of love; despising no man or woman, holding them all together as Thy children, and when it seemed, as sometimes it seems to us all, that it was hopeless to try to do any more, shaking out their great banner of hope again, and singing their song—a bright and cheerful psalm of victory; now and then sitting by the waters and mourning for some great sorrow, but then how tenderly, how sweetly the words would come, touching the sorrows that came to these people as they come to us all; finding every day a sacred day, not alone here in this place, but yonder at the forge, on the streets, in the marts of business, everywhere the work of God to do, and trying to do it, living it out in their lives, in their business, in their calling, whatever it might be, Thy true sons, Thy true daughters. We cannot tell the story of the sweetness and light that has been learned in the homes that have been born out of this church—born again, born from above, born to beauty and strength; for they are pillars, the men and women, the fathers and mothers and children who will remember this place, the fathers and mothers and children who will think of it in the blessed world also to which they have gone, all sacred, all beautiful, all true, after these fifty years. Now shall we ask that Thy blessing may rest upon us to-night as we recall these memories and touch these sacred and beautiful things; that we may all feel that we are of one heart and one mind, diverse in opinions, belonging to this church, that church, no church, yet knitted and blended together in a charity that knows no difference, free still to preach Thy free Gospel wherever we may go, but not free to disregard the noble, deep, heart-searching love that endureth all things and believeth all things and never faileth. Let Thy blessing rest on these moments, and then on all the years to come, which we cannot scan but still can travel toward, sure that as Thy people have been faithful so they will be; and the little one, we trust, shall become a thousand, the small one a great and noble church of God whose power shall be felt not alone in this city, but through all the land, and

Thine shall be the kingdom and the power and the glory forever and ever. Amen.

CHOIR: "The Lord's Prayer."

HYMN. TUNE: Hursley.

O Thou whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in Thy way.

Thy glorious truth has made us free
From bounds of sect and bonds of creed;
Thy light has shone that we might see
Our own in every brother's need.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air;

For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time;
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime;—

For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless Thy holy name.
Come life or death, enough to know
That Thou art evermore the same!

—*John W. Chadwick.*

ADDRESSES:

MR. CHADWICK: There has not been a minister of All Souls' Church in my day in whom I have not rejoiced. It was so with Dr. Bellows, that incomparable man. It was so with Theodore Williams, who made good his name, "the gift of God," to me. And it is so with Mr. Slicer, whose devotion to his work and intellectual vitality and personal fidelity are to me a constant inspiration, if not sometimes an unhappy shame. His name is Thomas, and he has his doubts about

some things, but we have none that he will speak to us to-night the word of cheer.*

REV. THOMAS R. SLICER:

Mr. Chadwick and friends, I could very well wish that Dr. Bellows might have some share in your rejoicing at this Fiftieth Anniversary, as he had so great a share in fellowship with your ministers in the years in which they and he worked together in the two cities which now are one. I am, however, to speak to you out of my affection, if not out of my knowledge of all that has passed upon you and in which the church of All Souls has had a share.

It is great happiness to come to a place in which you have no doubts. Your minister has said—your minister! think of his speaking of any man's doubts!—your minister of great faith out of his doubts has spoken of some doubts that must come to every active man in this active time, but of one thing I am quite sure, that the Second Church, this church, has justified its existence in this half century of life.

It is a singular contrast, that which confronts us in thinking of a church like this, of a church piling up institutions, growing moss, gathering accumulations of beliefs, fortifying itself, stopping its leaks, keeping itself from running out by enlarging its accumulations of the past. Now I have no doubt that your minds could select several such churches as that, when thinking of the many churches that you know. But here is a church which began as a seed and appeared as a growth from the soil, and leafed out on every side into foliage and strength, put out great branches, spread its shade over those that felt themselves to be in a weary land, and flowered at its top and bore its fruit, and at the end of a half century has life in itself.

I don't wonder that Paul said when they were trying to confound him with something they had built: "I thank God that I baptized none of you but Crispus and Gaius; and it may be some of the household of Stephanus; besides, I know

* The addresses following are printed as delivered, with few, very few, corrections and omissions. For the stenographic reports we are indebted to Mrs. Clara Brockway and Miss Sessions, with the assistance of Miss Angell.

not whether I baptized any other. For Christ sent me not to baptize, but to tell the good news." That is, he was sent to enlarge an idea, to illumine an ideal, to carry forward a glad announcement, and in his mind, as in ours, the enlargement of a thought, the justification of an ideal, is better than the establishment of any institution.

I cannot refrain from saying there is a certain aptness between the history of this church, as I have been informed of it, and the fact that it is on leased ground. We are all sorry that it is so, but there is a certain aptness about it. It never intended to be fixed in idea, and there seems a certain pathetic aptness in the fact it cannot fix itself on its foundation as upon owned land; to me there is a pathos in that. It is a thing we only smile at in the idea, but the curious thing about it is that if anybody wanted to move on in all these fifty years to a new intellectual position this church was ready to move. It had its baggage in the smallest possible compass of thought, that is, in the smallest possible compass that need encumber it. It easily adjusted itself to every change, and what those changes are I need scarcely remind you.

It is a great thing to have been the minister of a church in these last fifty years, or any part of them, so many things have come to be better, so many things to which only—I say this with perfect deference to every sister church—only a church like this could perfectly adjust itself. For instance, many churches by their very constitution and traditions have to defend themselves against the inroads of new thought. A church like this is hospitable to every thought that knocks at its door. It knocks at the minister's study door first, knocks at the mind door of every member of a church like this, and the minister and people come together. Not, though, to sit like robins in a nest with their mouths open to be fed with a worm of modern discovery, but, a little past feeding time, getting their own living like birds on the wing, and ready with the minister to sing heartily the new song that he has learned in his study, and which they have learned in their own reading and contact with the world.

It is a great thing to be in a church the doors of which swing both ways, to let people in with hospitality and let anybody out that wants to go. That is the reason our churches

prosper with the time; they never put a brake on going up hill. They are conscious that it is safe even to drive a trifle fast down hill and part let go the brakes; even then they are so sure of the team, the machinery and build of the wagon, that nothing can happen, no stumbling of the team, no giving way of the mechanism, no unsteady hands on the lines. Let us enjoy this thing when it comes—this very swiftness of motion in the thinking of the Liberal Church which is peril to the onlooker, while the folks riding do not seem to be disturbed.

Let me call your attention for the moment to the things that have made us glad in these years we have been working, and been so glad to be at work. It is a great thing to have got rid of special creation. It is a great thing to have come into the inheritance of the unfolding world. Fifty years ago, when this church began to be, there was much disturbance of the pulpit also for fear there should be some discredit thrown on the workmanship of the Great Artificer, and that things he had made and put on the surface of the world should not be seen to be in their place and bear the mark of the workman's hand. "The Vestiges of Creation" appeared on the other side of the water, the first beginnings of the doctrine of development, not yet coming to its full expression, as it did in 1859. Already there was some concern about the Creator, a kind of pathetic anxiety that God should be found not quite up to his task; that somebody would discover something that had grown by itself, that should have come into being without some mark of the Workman's hand upon it.

It is a great thing to have got to the point where we can let God create as He will and as He must in all the range of this boundless universe which in these fifty years has come to be unfolded in our vision; to be rid of the little cabinet-world and to come into the inheritance of a universe that is worth while and a Creator that is up to his task. Every Unitarian church in these fifty years has been a sharer in this steady advance, not held back, not restrained, not afraid. And they are to be congratulated in heaven to-day who graduated into the glory that resulted from the thought of this place, that they went up to God unafraid of anything that might be in God's world. The habit of courage has been the habit of this place.

More than this: Here has been a place in which there has never been the slightest doubt that faith and reason were compatible in the same mind. When John Henry Newman said that faith and reason were incompatible in the same mind, or nearly that, he announced what must be the death of intelligence on the one side or unwise abandonment of faith upon the other. But here was a place—as many such places are to be found—in which the human mind was not afraid of its own conclusions, and found those conclusions perfectly consistent with the deepest religious life.

What is not commonly understood by those who are not of our own faith is that Unitarianism began not as an intelligent protest simply, but as a religious overflow, as a spiritual overflowing. If you will take the statements of Dr. Channing—in that same year, in September, in which the Church of All Souls was established in New York, or nearly the same year—in his “Five Points of Unitarianism,” each one of them is a vindication of some moral purpose and spiritual ideal, not simply an intellectual protest. And so people have said, “Yes, they are very intelligent people, these Unitarians, but they have no force, no power in their religion; there is no warmth in it.” I wrote to somebody the other day who wrote me that Unitarianism was a religion that had no warmth in it: “An electric light, an incandescent lamp, gives more light than a pine knot, and less heat, and the business of lamps is to light, light the path of him who would go. And as to the pine knot, it was its infirmity that it had to throw out heat and soot as well as light.” I have never seen any reason for bewailing the introduction of electricity as a lighting agent into the world. The fact is contrary to the thought of those who complain that a church like this furnishes only light to see by. It furnishes also warmth, before which one suns himself. It is not necessary, it is entirely unnecessary, that we should get the warmth of the room out of the light of the room. What is to hinder our lighting up the electric lamp and sunning ourselves before the ever ready sunshine of the grate where the coal burns?

This church has had both light and heat—heat enough to keep off the chill of doubt, and light enough to see to take the next step ahead. So that Unitarianism, as represented here

has been in the best sense a religious overflow, it has been a deepening of the wells of life, it has been a quickening of the power of action, the identification of life not with one aspect of it, but with the whole line of life-experience in the community.

I am glad to be identified with an occasion that registers the end of fifty years of entire accord between the worshipping soul and the intellectual power of the period that is represented. We live in an entirely different world to-night from that in which this church began. It has long ago ceased to be a reproach that we should be part of the advance movement of thought and feeling and purpose in the world. One aspect of the change that has come over the churches not of our own name I think is in some sort due to the stand that such churches as this have taken. The time was when to declare, as Mr. Chadwick did in his "Man Jesus," for the essential and simple humanity of Jesus of Nazareth, filled with affright those who thought that reverence lay in a phrase and not in a thought, that devotion was in a set of words and not in the attitude of mind. But he kept steadily on his way, as others have had to do, sharing the feeling of Emerson when he declined to celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the Second Church in Boston in the sense in which the people desired who wished him to remain. "I should prefer," he said, "to meet him"—that is, Jesus—"upon terms of fellowship and friendship which would be more acceptable to me and endear him to me more," or words to that effect. That was the attitude here. The real reverence was the insistence upon the simple humanity of Jesus.

Great churches known as evangelical have come back from theories of Christ's person to fellowship with his life. That great change has gone on in the evangelical churches, but we have never had to change our place beside the simple Man of Nazareth, the best man that e'er wore flesh about him. There we stood side by side with the brave Jesus of Nazareth and waited for him to win his way out of the manifold theories about him to the heart for which he longed and the heart that was hungry to accept him.

These are only a few of the things in this brief time al-

lowed to me that I can speak of as part of the splendid achievement of a church like this. Stand firm, whether the tide is at its ebb or flood. Its ebb cannot destroy the foundations of thought, its flood cannot submerge the mounts of feeling. Stand firm in ebb and flood.

There is an old elm beside where I live in the summer, a great elm with a head that has been flattened by the beating of storms. Limbs more protected have grown up and feathered out in fan-shaped foliage, expanding from the trunk like a great plume; but this old tree has stood there, I suppose, for two hundred years, and the storms have beat upon it, and the fishermen 'way out at sea have used it as a landmark, and the children have been shaded under its expanding branches. It has been a landmark for landsmen and seamen. It is the one great object in the landscape as you look down the road or in from sea. The birds have nestled in it for two hundred years, and you can go and stand under it in the evening and hear them talking together in the branches as the evening falls, and its great shadow in the morning and evening sunshine has been cast upon the landscape. And it is there because it was a living thing that had power in itself to endure. That is a living church. It is not buttressed from the outside, it is not sustained and supported artificially, it has life in itself. Every new approach of thought finds its door open, every new emergency finds it on the road, every crisis in the community finds it true. And the church, happy with three such ministers as this church has had, has nothing to lament, but only to rejoice and thank God that it has held firmly to the integrity of reason and abandoned its soul to the task which God has put into its hands.

MR. CHADWICK: There was Minot's Light, upon the Massachusetts coast. Well do I remember its beam across the Bay when I was a boy. There is a Minot's Light in New York, and by its kindly beam how many a storm-tossed mariner these last twenty-five and thirty years has found his way to the haven where he would be! We hoped that light would shine awhile for us here this evening, but I am very sorry to say that Mr. Savage is not well enough to come. I hardly dared expect him, but when I met him a few weeks ago a hope

flamed up in his heart that he might come. Now, in his absence, I ask his senior colleague, my old friend, Robert Collyer, to speak a few words to you, but in his own right, and no one has a better here. He was the closest friend, as close as any brother, to Augustus Staples, my predecessor here. He has been very fatherly to me, and there is no moment of my ministry that I remember better than one in its earliest stage, when he addressed to me one of the most pungent and personal phrases that has ever been addressed to me by any man, saying, in a private letter: "John, never count yourself sure of your position till you can dispense with the strongest man in your congregation." I have cherished that phrase for thirty-seven years. Now, Robert, will you speak a few words to us? You can't say anything better than that, but we will take the best that you can give.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER :

I sometimes tell the story of the old miller in our little town in Yorkshire who came to hear me preach the first time I tried. And he waylaid me on some week day soon after and said: "I came to hear you preach, laddie, Sunday night." I said: "Yes; I think I saw you." "I want to tell thee what tho's going to do in this world. They will mak' a spare rail o' thee and stick thee into every gap there is." Despite the charming word my dear friend said just now about my own right and all the rest of it, I am that spare rail, all the same, not to fill the gap, but just to stop it, made by the sickness of my good associate, Mr. Savage.

I remember some years ago sitting on the piazza at a summer hotel not far from Boston with an old Scotchman, and we fell to chatting and got a little tiny bit chummy. I liked him; he had a good face, and I found he was a good fellow, and so we told stories to each other touching our different lives, and at last he said: "I would like to tell you a story that I think will interest you very much. I came to this country from Scotland when I was a big lad—growing up, ye ken—with my father and mother, and the family came

from a glen in the Highlands, and here we stayed, well down in New England, and I grew up to be a man, and I got married, and I prospered in my business, and when I got to be past seventy"—he was past eighty then—"I said: 'I will go back to Scotland, into the old glen, and see the folks that are left.' I could do it very well, I wanted to, my heart lay there the same, and away I went. But do you know, when I got to that glen there wasn't a living soul that knew anything about my family—not one! I went to the hotel, inquired there. I went about and inquired; nobody knew the Campbells; they had all gone. There had been great changes in that region. And do you know, my heart was very heavy. I would fain have found somebody that ken us, that remembered us all that while ago; but there wasn't a soul. At last I said to the landlord at the hotel: 'Is there a woman about here anywhere of the name of Janet? I forget the second name, but the first name I remember.' 'Oh, yes!' he said, 'she lives up the glen in such a house; she has lived there ever since we came here, and I suppose she has lived there always.' I said: 'I will go and see Janet.' And I went up the glen and tapped at the door, and an old woman came out. I didn't know her face at all, but the first thing she did was to throw up her hands and say, 'John Campbell! is it thee? Come ben, John; come ben.' And we sat down by the fireside and I said to her: 'Tell us hoo was it that thou kenned me when I didna ken thee at a?' 'Weel now, John,' she said, 'I will tell thee. Before thee went awa' there was a little somethin' between us, John. I think if thee had stayed we should have got marrit. But ye went awa', and I never blamed ye, John, for not writin' or comin' to look me up. You couldn't do that; but I never forgot ye, John. The heart has a long memory.' 'Ah!' I said, 'Janet, Janet, that is so.'"

And I thought it was such a sweet story. And it touched me to-night as I sat here thinking of the years that have gone since I first knew this church and its ministers. I have a kind of tiny personal connection with the first minister, Mr. Longfellow. It is this, that the Longfellows came from the same small town that I left to come to this country—in which I lived for twelve years learning my trade and working at the forge—leaving our dead in the old church. They went for

225 years, or it may be 250 years, in the same old church where I went as a boy and young man, so I have that connection with them, and that is all. I didn't know the first minister of this church when he was its minister, or for some little while after, but when I went to Chicago to take care of a mission there, and they set me preaching, and finally made me minister of a new church, one Sunday afternoon a young minister from Milwaukee came to church and spoke to me after church—he was with Mr. Brigham, who used to be at Taunton, where Mr. Forbes was formerly. They heard me preach and said something very nice after it was all over, and I took to Mr. Staples at once. And it happened a little while after, in the winter time, there was a great snow, and we had to go up to a town in Wisconsin north of Milwaukee. I had something to do, and Mr. Staples had to preach the sermon. Do you know, I never heard such a sermon in my life, so wonderful in its intuition of the truth and its inspiration. He poured out his soul over me. And then, when I got back to Chicago, I must sit down and write him and tell him what that sermon had done to me; what a wonder it was, what a joy it was; and rather intimated that possibly he did not understand what a great thing it was for him to do. I got a letter directly from him full of joy. "Why, do you know," he said, "I have been preaching here so long, and nobody has ever said such a word to me, and I was getting sort of disheartened; but your letter has set me up, I feel as if there were something I could do."

From that time we became very intimate indeed and used to exchange letters once a week or once a month. It was wonderful how nearly our minds ran together in the burning questions we had to discuss, he in his masterly fashion and I the best I could. We used to tell each other also anything that occurred that we thought would be of special interest of any sort. An old gentleman came to the little church that was started then, of some eminence, but he was not quite right in his mind, and he went quite crazy, but he wouldn't let anybody come to his house to look after him, not his sons or friends, except myself, so I had to go and stay with him nearly two weeks; then it was ordered he should be taken to Hartford, and I went with him, and came back, and his sons gave

me what was a very large sum of money, and what should I do but go right away to the jeweler's and buy a gold watch. I always coveted a gold watch. And what should I do but write to Mr. Staples right away, telling of old Solomon, of my great good fortune and of the gold watch. He wrote back, "Dear Brother Collyer, my sermons never drive anybody crazy; I guess I shall have to keep on with my old silver watch to the end of time." He was one of the most delightful comrades I ever had in all this world. We were together a great deal during the summer of 1861. I saw a great deal of him. And he was called to this church to be the minister. He wrote to me about it, and of course I encouraged him. He wasn't happy in Wisconsin, in Milwaukee. They didn't know their man, didn't understand him, didn't know what a joy it was to hear such a man preach. And so he came down here. And from that time I began to know something about what was then called "New Chapel," that is, this church. So our hearts knitted together. But it was not in the finite order of life he should live. He began to droop. He did some grand work here before then. He took the heart of this church and he held it. And then the time came when he must leave it. I came down when he was so very sick, near to his end. And I was with him when he died. And I went with the friends down to Mendon, where he was buried, and came back and preached some sort of memorial the Sunday after. And that was the end of the beautiful, but oh, so brief, ministry of Augustus Staples in this church!

And then my memory touches much—heart memories, all of them—the time when your dear minister came to you. I came down by his invitation, and possibly the invitation of the church also, and preached the sermon of his installation. Oh, how proud I was to do that, you know, and find him—as you found him, the elders of this church—the man after your own heart, and the man after God's own heart, if I know anything about it, who has been with you through all these years and done his work and grown in grace and in the knowledge of the truth, and preached sermons that have gone far and wide through the world, and sung songs that have gone far and wide through the world, of which I plot and plan all along the line of my own ministry to use one on a Sunday when I pos-

sibly can. And at funerals I repeat, and it does me good and does everybody good:

" It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call."

Now, I could stand here going on for an hour and talk about all this; of my pride and joy in the man I used to call my son, for love's sake—but he has grown now so mature I don't use the word any more, he seems to have got beyond it. Indeed, I don't quite like to tell him about things I have been hearing and reading, for fear he will pick me up and set me right, as James Russell Lowell used to. I used to think of our minister at Taunton, Mr. Brigham, as the man who knew more than the whole Unitarian denomination put together of what was in books, and so forth. I think the same thing about my brother John—I call him brother now. And so I am glad to meet you here to-night and say this word out of my heart. My heart also "has a long memory," and it holds these men. He said possibly there may be some way open by which Brother Camp can come to-night. So I think and trust there may be some way open by which Brother Staples also can come to-night, and Brother Longfellow, and we will be all together. They are here if we feel the pulse of love in our hearts for them, as I know we do. And what shall I say more or better than this: that God may bless this church through fifty years to come, as He has blessed it in the fifty years that have gone, and give it ministers as faithful and as true and as brave and as radiant as those that have ministered at the altar and in the pulpit since the church began.

MR. CHADWICK: We are the oldest daughter of the First Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, the Church of the Saviour. What relation does that make me to Mr. Forbes? He is at least my friend, and I am his. He will speak for his Society and for himself, first reading one or two of the many letters of congratulation we have received.

REV. JOHN P. FORBES:

It gives me great pleasure before speaking a few words to you in my own person to read two letters. One

from Dr. Alfred P. Putnam, who was for many years minister of the First Church, and the other from Dr. Horatio Stebbins, who has been for so many years minister of the Church Universal. I am very glad that a predecessor of mine should have written Dr. Putnam's letter.

My friends [after reading Dr. Stebbins's letter], it is not exactly descending from the sublime to the ridiculous to come from the level of that letter down to the level of the few words I have to address to you this evening; nevertheless, it is a descent. My errand here to-night is chiefly that of a messenger, a messenger of hearty good will. I bring to you the loving greetings and warm felicitations of the mother church. A very young mother, only nine years old when you came forth, spirit of her spirit, and not well versed, it may be, in the duties of motherhood, but she has never yet been ashamed of her offspring. I would not have you think, however, that I have no personal interest in this occasion. When your minister extended to me the right hand of fellowship at the time I was called to the First Church, I did not realize how, in becoming minister of that church, the mother of this, I was also becoming your minister's spiritual father, but he understood all about that, and hence, I suppose, the warmth of his greeting. Now, the least I can do to-night is to applaud his discernment and good judgment, and promise that I will be faithful to my trust, although I am not prepared to accept unlimited responsibility.

As I look abroad over our churches and consider the relations between them it seems to me that I detect an ever-widening and deepening fellowship. Those words, "radical" and "conservative," which formerly saluted our ears on every occasion, no longer sound upon the air. We hear very little about Jew or Gentile, or "my creed" and "thine." In all the churches truth is the watchword and righteousness the end of our endeavor, while the sentiment that includes all is the sentiment of brotherhood.

Intimately associated with this church, of course, I have never been, but it has been my privilege to know two of your ministers, Samuel Longfellow slightly, and your present teacher and shepherd pretty well. Of Samuel Longfellow a former parishioner once said, "His feet were on the ground,

but his head was always in the clouds." Of course this remark was not intended to convey the impression that Mr. Longfellow was a sentimentalist, or that he was the victim of a feeble other-worldliness. It was intended to set forth the spirituality of his teaching and the quality of his manhood. His broad and open, practical wisdom, I take it, was demonstrated whenever there was a good cause that lacked assistance, or a wrong that needed resistance, and the stamp of the positive and constructive individuality was to be seen upon all the work he undertook. He belonged to that little group of men called, I think sometimes rather vaguely, Transcendentalists. That word Transcendentalist is a very tall word, but very few of us, so far as I know, have climbed to the top of it. These men, if I understand their position, stood for the idea that nothing, neither ecclesiastical authority nor Scriptural infallibility, neither idealist nor materialist, neither powers nor principalities, could come between the human soul and God. This idea may have made them somewhat mystical in their preaching, somewhat unconventional in their conduct, but it made them also spiritual in their teaching and sublimely sincere in their daily living.

A single anecdote of Samuel Longfellow I want to rehearse to you, trusting to your kind indulgence to overlook, or better still, forget, its personal bias. Mr. Longfellow was living in retirement in Cambridge and I was a student in Harvard Divinity School. The Ministerial Association, an organization of ministers in and around Boston, invited Mr. Longfellow to read a paper before them, and the divinity students were invited to be present. The meeting was held in the old Hollis Street Church, even then fragrant with the memory of Starr King. Mr. Longfellow chose for his subject "Truth"—Truth from the philosophical and theological point of view. There was nothing particularly striking in his presentation of his theme, but when he came to the practical application, which is always the portion of real value in any address, ah, then, every relation of life was illuminated, every duty of life was intensified. That man's word pierced through to the very centre of every refuge of deceit and lies. It seemed to us young fellows as though our whole hearts were opened wide to his reading. Well, that afternoon when

I tramped back over the Long Bridge to Cambridge it seemed as though I trod upon air; and other men felt as I did. And that night when we turned away from our ethical text-book, or our own dear Everett's "Science of Thought," and turned out the lights, there came to more than one of us, like a benediction that follows after prayer, the thought of that slight, gentle, intense man with his spiritual message, and I can readily believe that more than one man that night gave "bonds of secret tears" to live his life after a nobler, worthier fashion. I wonder if you know—yes, I believe you do know—what a privilege it is to have had such a man for a minister, if only for a few years.

It was in my mind to speak just a word about Samuel Longfellow's hymns, but the rights of those who are to come after me forbid that I should enter upon that theme. Let me just say that such outpourings of noble thought and tender sentiment as "O Life That Maketh All Things New," "Now on Sea and Land Descending," "O God! Unseen, But Ever Near," "God of Ages and of Nations," "One Holy Church of God Appears," "Now When We Sing Our Parting Song," must always remain treasures, not only of our Unitarian theology, but of the hymnology of Christendom.

And now, in my closing word, I must trench just a little on forbidden ground. When your minister asked me to be present here to-night to speak a word, he said: "It is the Society's anniversary; you will say nothing about me," and I, responding at once in my own feeling to his modesty, said, "Of course not." But what are you going to do when a church has had fifty years of organized life, and thirty-seven of those years have been spent under the ministration of one man? What else can you do but say something about the ministry of that man? And I only trust, my dear friend, that the sincerity of my speech will be a hedge around your modesty.

Mr. Longfellow set in golden letters over the entrance to this church your motto, "The Truth shall make you free." You who are gathered here to-night in all love and loyalty know whether the spirit of that motto has been cherished and honored in the past thirty-seven years. You know, too, of the relations of esteem and affection that have existed, warm

and tender, between minister and people—the hopes, the comforts, the helps, the confidences, the testimonies of word and act that lie too deep for speech. Let no word of mine intrude upon these sacred themes. But I welcome the opportunity to speak just a word of appreciation, not only for myself, but for the great number of our younger ministers who have been strengthened and encouraged by the patient and accurate scholarship, the noble preaching and the manly, straightforward life of the minister of the Second Church in Brooklyn. Many a David turning away from the armor and sword of Saul, yet hardly daring to trust his own weapon, it seemed so feeble and inadequate, has found faith in himself and courage to go forward because of your minister's printed page.

And now, dear friends, sitting here together in this glad hour, thankful for all of good the past has held, yet looking forward hopefully and expectantly to the future, believing that good-to-morrow must follow good to-day, we can do no better than repeat that beautiful hymn which Mr. Chadwick wrote for his graduation from the Divinity School into the work of the ministry:

“ Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided, and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

“ We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembles into prayer,
One in the power that makes Thy children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.”

MR. CHADWICK: I shall certainly feel happier, and I know my people and all the friends here will, if Mr. Wilson speaks a few words to us from his own heart and as representing Unity Church, so dear to us in many ways, not least because it was so loved by Stephen Camp, who is with us here to-night if there is any skyey roadway from his world to this.

REV. DANIEL M. WILSON:

I feel some measure of humiliation that I was not here in time to take the part that was assigned me, but Mr. Chadwick is to blame. Early in the evening, when I was minded to come here I recalled that I had in my library a printed copy of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary celebration of this Society. I sought it and began to read it, and found it so absorbing that in a short while I was so lost as to be entirely buried, and so came late to this meeting. If he succeeded this morning in presenting a discourse so able as that was, as I have no doubt he did, it is evidence of the innate ability and wide culture and fitting way in which he puts all things. And he has been growing from that day to this, and has been giving, not to this congregation alone, but to a wide class of hearers and readers, sermons that have set them thinking, and have fed the deepest sources of their being, and have led them on to wider and larger life.

I recall that I wrote to Mr. Chadwick that some churches of our denomination were known by their corporate name, the First Church of this place or that; or they were known by the material of which they were built, the Brick Church or the Stone Church. Other churches are known by the men who have preached in them. I recall to mind that the church in Braintree, which was a neighboring church to Quincy, where I was long settled, was known and is known to-day as Dr. Storr's Church; old Dr. Storrs preached there fifty years ago, and still the church goes by his name. His son preached here in Brooklyn, and the church is still known by his name. The church in which Henry Ward Beecher preached is still known by his name, though men so able have succeeded him.

And this church, the Second Unitarian Church of Brooklyn, is more commonly known throughout our denomination as Mr. Chadwick's church. He has made it what it is, a church from which has emanated wise words; in which has been exemplified the clearest freedom, and in which also there has been given to the world the ripest scholarship. We cannot help speaking about Mr. Chadwick. We know how you have backed him up in what he has said, in his courage and his freedom. But Mr. Chadwick stands as the repre-

sentative of this church, and further as representing the church of this day, and he speaks a word that is always clear and rings true.*

I bring the greetings of Unity Church—not the youngest of the Unitarian churches, because the Flatbush Church has lately come into existence, but the youngest of those represented here on the Twenty-fifth Anniversary to render its congratulations, and it does so now.

MR. CHADWICK: Two aspects of my life have been very satisfactory to me: One, my relation to the older men in our ministry, Furness, Dewey, Bellows, Hedge and others, when I was a young man; and the other, my relation to the younger men as I am looking toward sunset and starting on the descending grade. With no one I may truly say has this relation been more delightful and inspiring than with Mr. Wright. It is getting late, but you will not think of that while he forecasts for us the future, which has been germinal in our past and is budding in our present life.

REV. MERLE ST. C. WRIGHT:

I seem to be like the lash or the snapper, I might almost say the ornamental tassel, on the long whip that has been flicking over your backs this evening. I am not sure that I shall not be like the end of that line of the boys' game of "Snap the whip," and come tumbling down among you, considering the amount I have had to feel and think in listening to the addresses this evening.

My subject is "The Prospect." The most interesting prospect at present for me is that of this audience and church and its historic duration, and of the long and honorable term which its present minister has fulfilled. This church is fifty years old, mine fifteen. Mr. Chadwick has been here thirty-seven years, I there thirteen. But the point is this: This is his only parish and that is mine, and I am wondering if I can stick it out and it can stick me out so long as you and he have. That is the interesting thing.

* Here followed a story very creditable to Mr. Chadwick, which is omitted because the actual hero of it must have been some other man.

Another interesting prospect is that it looks as if he would last another thirteen years and that we should celebrate his golden wedding. And if he lasts I know you will, so that is a bright thought. That puts a great deal of responsibility on me and mine, but we are feeling your pulse, anxiously inquiring about your health, and keeping step with you as well as we can. If we can't think of anything else to say up there we repeat what is said here, and it all goes.

I wish I could speak to you in the historic strain these gentlemen have adopted about your previous pastors and their experiences. I really could if I should try. When I was in Harvard College, I think about twenty-four years ago, Samuel Longfellow was one of the visitors to my room. My college chum was a dear friend of his, and he used to come to see us two, quietly and privately. He was a simple gentleman of whom we expected no particular power or experience, but he always left the room filled with a kind of white light, because, like his brother, he, too, was a "White Mr. Longfellow;" a virile spirit, if there ever was one, a saint who had sanctity of mind as well as of soul, who looked to the very root of truth, but always unfolded for you its blossom. He was one of the wise men of all time, it seems to me, and I speak from my maturity and from the study of his published works. As to the character of the man, greater than anything he ever uttered or anything he ever did was the man he always was.

Then in your present pastor's case—for we are all dropping into garrulity in this direction—I love to see a man who vindicates the dignity of the province of the intellect in pulpit speech, who represents the calm completion of acknowledged conscience in public as well as in private affairs. I love to see a man who can speak with the accumulated wisdom of half a century's experience upon the inward things of life in terms that reveal them even to professed students; who can sift and search the spirit, as he has, and who can sing the songs he does, and who can turn the searchlight, mounted on his heroic headpiece, over the centuries, and give us its story, revealing its inherent meaning. It is a grand, great thing, and I congratulate you as to his ministry at large in the world; and his fellow ministers around him feed upon him,

yet he ever is renewed as they are fed. I congratulate you upon the splendid fellowship with such a mind and life.

I have another connection with this church, which is that one of our most esteemed parishioners was one of your original members. He went from you to Frothingham, from Mr. Frothingham to me, and he is one of those spiritual conduits, one of those electric connections, wherewith I am supplied and whereby I burn with a consuming joy until this day.

I am to speak to you on "The Prospect" for a little while. What is the prospect? I say the prospect is serene, the prospect is fine. About the worst thing I see in the prospect are some dead or indifferent and torpid Unitarians, but everything else is all right. The faith is all right, the future is all right. We are getting elementary agencies as our allies on every hand. The trouble is we are so used to being waited upon by all these public servants we don't bestir ourselves at all, and there is danger as of those who sit in the midst of wealth—that we shall dwindle while they increase.

We have been vindicated on the lines that our forefathers chose. Orthodoxy is imperiled and enfeebled with the widening of the suns, and its thought is coming to occupy our position. It can't help it, because Unitarianism long ago squarely identified itself with the natural reason and the free conscience and unfolded soul in every department of thinking, feeling, and living. There is not a trammel on us of doctrine or polity, nothing that hinders us except our own ineffectualness and impotence. We are a free people, and they can but come into our freedom; they cannot enlarge the bounds of our freedom. Now, if orthodoxy has reached the limit of Unitarian truth along those ancient lines, all hail to it and God-speed to it. Do you think it has? Do you think we have finished our task in those directions? Possibly we may have, but it is a restless, yearning, unsatisfied, struggling, hungry and ignorant world in spiritual things as I know it and see it, and there is very much to be done there yet.

But turn onward and outward and forward to the future and see what science is doing for us. It has unfolded a uni-

verse and made us for the first time understand what such great terms as "infinite" and "eternal" mean; what "energy" means when put into picturesque statement and illuminated by the imagination.

When we traverse the regions of astronomy, when we move through the field of light and thrill with the swiftness of its vibration; when we go back into geological ages and grow up again with the world as children together; when we understand the marvelous shaping of this great, beautiful and blessed earth on which we stand, then are we thrilled with psalm, then are we attuned to prophecy, then do we settle into prayer, then do we rise to action with a power that the world could never confer before. When we look into the life of things, whether animal or vegetable, what exquisite beauties, what delicate adaptation, what myriad and marvelous mechanisms are there disclosed!

When we trace man's long and timid career in early efforts at society, at morality, at religion, at science, what a wonderful panorama! How we throb and pulse with him in his new surprises and his latest discoveries! And all this is but the noon of science. And what has it done? It has unfolded the volume of the world, entertained us with its miniatures and pictures, made it a real thing to us, taught us that it is filled with mind and throbbing with life and animated with purpose as well as with power, with spirit as well as with purpose, that leads on to perfection, as we personally, in our own experience, are aware.

What is philosophy doing for us? Philosophy has solidified this universe as the Romans solidified the world in their one government. We know to-day that in philosophy what we have got to believe, if we are going to believe anything, is that the universe is a single system. Now it is a system whose forces are convertible; you can begin at the bottom and say it is matter all through, or you can take it at the top and say it is spirit all through, but matter won't solve it and spirit will solve it. And philosophy says it is spirit all through, one single, thrilling system of mental life. And that is enough. That again gives a giant's power to religion.

And take ethics. There was a time when ethics could

all be written in precepts, when it was a kind of individual cook book—if you wanted anything you got the recipe and dressed it up. Now nothing is traditional or conventional, nothing is so simple, it is all complicated. Even in personal life we have to be original and make our own discoveries and ventures.

But take ethics in business, take ethics in the relation of law to the delicate and subtle questions of the day; in the relation of diplomacy and international policy throughout the world; and there never was such a call for acumen in ethics, for intuition of moral truth, for superb self-sufficiency in ethical judgment—one man against a world of evil custom—as there is to-day. Ethics in relation to science fighting for its life, and ethics in relation to art fighting for principle and purpose, gaining dignity and decency everywhere, are not these splendid opportunities for the modern interpreter? He is not to tell you to be good, but to tell you how to be good, what to do to be good, and to point the truth and send it home to you, to let you see in detail, and not in broad, fine generalization, what your duty is. He has to know it and feel it, and make you know it and feel it. It has to shine from him as heat and light from white-hot steel. And it is no light task for him, and it is no light task for you. It is a privilege, but also an obligation of great weight and responsibility. It is something new, and it is as large, compared with the ancient ethics, as the new heavens are compared with the star-spangled dome of prehistoric times.

Now, to sum up and not to take too much of your time, what has Unitarianism stood for and what does it stand for to-day in increased measure? Now, surely it was born rational; it was not wholly informed, but it was born rational. It attained ideals in its earliest manhood which it does not need to abandon now, and which require all the courage and comprehension it possesses. It has led in thought, and it has endeavored to apply its thought to life.

Channing made us the great challenge. He said it ought to be the leading trait of a Unitarian, his distinguishing mark, his specific characteristic, that he labor with all his powers to elevate and educate the oppressed classes of whatsoever condition. He said it ought to be given in all

our auxiliary institutions, ought to be the main business of our Association—to undertake this redemption of man in his intellectual, moral, spiritual and religious nature. He said we should brightly and conspicuously wear that stamp, that our task is nothing less than the regeneration of the world. Theodore Parker was identified with that thought and that movement in theology, which now has moved all theology up to his fighting line. These are rare privileges to possess as our inheritance; they are a summons to the destiny which we are to go on to and reap.

And now what is the word of the age in regard to religion? This idea easily sums itself up into three things: This is an age of scientific advance, of historical criticism, which is another branch of science; of humanitarian effort, and of individual perfection, which task is always with us. The great teachers on every side seek to welcome and develop science, that is one great thing—our duty toward Nature. To promote the schemes of social emancipation, that is another great thing—our duty toward man in outward relations and in developing spirituality, not in morbidness and mawkishness, but the manhood of man, the manliest thing in man, that is our task always set for us as individuals or persons. This is the appeal of the future to us. It comes in the shape of a new social spirit that is now laid upon us, and, as Cadmus sowed the dragon's teeth and men sprang up, so are champions springing up in every section of the world pledged to settle the rights of man, to teach him his privileges, to train him to his duties, to lead him into his deliverance. That, I believe, is the work of the twentieth century—that man of every class shall be given his rights, and his first right is to live a human life, and then this shall be extended to beneficent and just relationships of nations toward one another, and then will the task of the century on which we are entering not only be outlined but achieved. This is the future for us: to accept and promote science and apply it to the ethical and spiritual life, to identify ourselves with social causes wherever apparent and bring them to their full, complete fruition in all just expression, and consecrate ourselves to that form of spiritual religion without which these words are cankered in blossom and wormeaten at the root, but with

which the strength of God flows through them and keeps the truth forever green.

MR. CHADWICK:

"Now let the curtain fall.
We better know than all
How little we have gained,
How vast the unattained."

The evening's situation reminds me of a story told by Mr. Washington about an old colored man who went down from Virginia to Alabama with some of his relatives. Mr. Washington asked him how many there were of them, and he said, "Me and my brother and two mules." I do not wish to reflect upon the personal character of my friends, but I will say that some of them have shown a certain *obstinacy* in their refusal to conduct their remarks this evening upon the lines which I laid down for them in advance. As expressions of their affection their words have been music in my ears. As statements of fact, so far as I am concerned, they might have been less liberal and more exact. But when Mr. Curtis thought himself overpraised for anything he had done, he used to say to his friend, Charles Eliot Norton, "Well, Charles, we must try hard to deserve all this." So I will say, "Well, John, and Robert, and Thomas, and Daniel, and Merle, I must try to deserve the good things you have said of me to-night."

Especially do I thank these gentlemen for the good praise they have given to my people. But the grand defect of all their speech has been that they did not give them half or quarter of the credit they deserve. Even the little good that I have done has been made possible by their loyalty, their unwavering fidelity to me and mine. We shall go on a little while longer together, the cloud of witnesses, thick as the angel faces around Raphael's loveliest Madonna, encouraging pastor and people to "lay aside every weight and run with patience the race set before us."

"From the eternal shadow, rounding
All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our loved ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer;
Through the silence, down the spaces,
Falling on the inward ear."

“ Let us draw their mantles o’er us
Which have fallen in our way,
Let us do the work before us
Bravely, cheerily, while we may,
Ere the long night silence cometh
And with us it is not day.”

CHOIR: “Be Thou Exalted.”—*Bayley.*

HYMN. TUNE: Hummel.

One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One unseen presence she adores
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God’s faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart, her baptized ones,
Love her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy’s errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfil thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth’s hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!

—*Samuel Longfellow.*

BENEDICTION.

LETTERS.

The following letters are selected somewhat arbitrarily from a larger number that were sent to Mr. Chadwick, or, through him, to the Society:

20 ELMWOOD AVE., CAMBRIDGE, April 9, 1901.

My Dear Chadwick:

I salute you, and if it is not assuming too much, I salute the church that celebrates its Fiftieth Anniversary. I am the more confident and bold in this my congratulation because the church in its very earliest days invited me to become their minister, when events and circumstances compelled me to decline, and thus in the order of time and Providence to give place to you.

The ministers of your church have been unique men, of fine personal independence, spiritual experience and insight, poets and prophets.

The late Samuel Longfellow was one of the most interesting persons I ever knew—in whom clear spiritual vision vindicated faith, the existence of which is evidence of things unseen.

I salute you, my dear Chadwick. Your ministry has been unique and characteristic, and altogether worthy of you; you have spoken from the level plain of your mind, from its valleys of mystery and shadows, and from the heaven-piercing summits of poetic thought and imagination; from fountains inexhaustible you have poured forth streams mingled of philosophy, morals, religion and poetry, that have made many desert places of thought bloom into beauty, and enriched many minds. You have a kind of chemical affinity for truth that is the only true ground for independence of

mind, and your intellect is as honest as your conscience. Such are the sentiments which I have entertained for you through all these years of your ministry; some things which you have done are perpetual—the song which you have set to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne” will struggle in the human heart as long as emotions of sorrow, love and gratitude are the expression of the profoundest realities of our being, and the poem “My Father’s Quadrant” will guide men across the trackless seas when the creeds will have crumbled and fallen in ruins, the hiding-place of the bats, the owls and the foxes of old superstitions.

There are some aspects of our life and experience around which there gathers the melancholy of disappointment, and what we are does not correspond with what we feel we might have been, but the truly noble mind rises above all despondency, and we take ourselves for what we are and lean our human heart upon the Eternal Love.

Yours really,

HORATIO STEBBINS.

SALEM, MASS., April 12, 1901.

My Dear Brother Chadwick:

I received to-day the programme for your Fiftieth Anniversary and thank you heartily for thus keeping me in your kind remembrance. It is to be a marked day indeed for our churches in Brooklyn. How I wish I could be there and join with the old friends and new in the interesting occasion! What able, earnest and devoted ministers your church has had, and what a wealth of pure and beautiful sacred songs two of them, at least, have given to the Church Universal! I congratulate you on your long and faithful ministry, and send my love to your dear people, and give it abundantly to you and yours.

Ever faithfully,

A. P. PUTNAM.

2427 CHANNING WAY, BERKELEY, CAL., April 8, 1901.

Dear Chadwick:

I wish I could be present at the jubilee of the Second Unitarian Society next Sunday in response to your note, just re-

ceived. I know that an honored past and a no less honorable present will combine to make the occasion one of high thought and inspiring fellowship, this last reaching within the veil. I congratulate the Society; I congratulate its minister whose service with his people covers three-quarters of the half-century, and whose ministry beyond his immediate congregation, through his printed word, read and sung, has been wider than he can know.

Sincerely yours,

F. L. HOSMER.

SOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 12, 1901.

My Dear Dr. Chadwick:

On behalf of the South Congregational Church as well as for myself I would acknowledge most heartily the fraternal and neighborly courtesy of your recent note of salutation to us upon the occasion of our recent Fiftieth Church Anniversary, almost coincident in time with the similar glad occasion in the history of your own honored Society. Let me give you "a Roland for an Oliver," in the same fine, fraternal fashion which now, thank God! has taken the place of the ancient acrimony, and therefore mutual misjudgment, of theological debate.

We of the South Church, your neighbors and friends, congratulate you and your people upon the completion of this your strenuous and successful half-century. We congratulate you personally upon your brilliant and noble record of thirty-seven years of continuous pulpit and pastoral service, and we lift our prayers to God—our common Father—that the happy auspices, both personal and public, under which you celebrate this your approaching Golden Jubilee, may herald and insure many, many years still to come of prosperity and blessing in those efforts for the causes of truth and justice among men, which, however our particular methods differ, still and always make brothers of us all.

Faithfully yours,

ALBERT T. LYMAN.

101 WILSON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 15, 1901.

My Dear Mr. Chadwick:

I am deeply disappointed that I could not be at your services last evening, and that a previous engagement from which I find it impossible to extricate myself will keep me from your home to-morrow evening. But I want to assure you of my hearty congratulations and my very best wishes for you and yours. It is a most happy anniversary, in which you will reap the fruits of long fidelity and noble sacrifices. May you and your people derive some returns for your pioneer work in this still howling wilderness of mingled worldliness and orthodoxy, from the sentiments expressed by those who have been the gainers by your works. And may you personally, with Mrs. Chadwick, long be spared to Brooklyn, and Brooklyn to you. May God bless you!

Ever sincerely yours,

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1901.

Dear Brother Chadwick:

Gladly at this time do I bear my witness to the value of your services as an advocate of the freedom of the human mind and the worship of truth in the soul's highest concern—the relation to the Infinite. No better proof of my appreciation could I give than the fact that from the day of our first acquaintance to this (more than twenty years lie between the two points), not a line of your printed utterances, in sermon or book, have I left unread, if they came within my reach; and I did read, not “as one who runs,” but as one who desires to enter into spiritual communion with the speaker, that he may “hear, learn and inwardly digest” any message the words were intended to convey. That my love for the speaker had a share in this desire I will not deny; but it would not have been sufficient to carry one through so many years had I not been at the same time convinced that John's Apostleship always deserves the open ear and attentive mind. To say, however, that I always said “*Ja und Amen*” to your conclusions would be rank flattery. On the contrary, not

seldom I stamped my foot on the ground (a bad habit of mine which I am now too old to change), crying, in tones not quite inaudible: "Pity he wrote this down; I wish I had him here to argue the point with him!" But—dissent never created a feeling of distance, and so, I trust, it will remain even to the end between us. To all human calculations many years of unimpaired usefulness are still before you, which, I am confident, will be marked by the same breadth of thought and good will toward all men which breathes through your work in the past. God has placed you among a people who know their leader and follow him willingly, and with your heart planted and nourished in a blessed home, the new period opens under conditions that make all your friends and well-wishers of the cause of light and peace among men to rejoice, and among them, I am fully assured, you number

Yours, in brotherly affection,

G. GOTTHEIL.

UNITARIAN CONFERENCE OF THE MIDDLE STATES AND CANADA.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 13, 1901.

Dear Mr. Chadwick:

To what an interesting event you invite me! A semi-centennial of any church stirs in me more than a common interest. I presume this is because of my acquaintance with every step by the way which many of our young churches have taken. I have never organized one of these humanizing institutions without a devout hope that it will survive all the storms and become an efficient and honored power for good in the community. This the Second Unitarian Church, in Brooklyn, has done in an eminent degree. And what a rich history it has had! I send you my hearty congratulations and felicitations over the completion of this first half-century in the history of your church, which has been, from the beginning, marked by the very exceptional character of its ministry. I know of no church in which it has been surpassed and few in which it has been equaled. It rarely falls to the lot of any church to be served consecutively by three such ministers as have filled the pastorate of your church—

Longfellow, Staples and Chadwick. How much do those names signify in our denominational history! What an honorable distinction do they confer upon the church thus successively served! The high spiritual quality of Longfellow's ministry is known and honored among all our churches. His hymns have enriched the hymnology of all churches. The moral earnestness and enthusiasm of Staples's ministry is one of the most cherished traditions of your church, while your own work as poet, preacher, biographical writer and literary critic during your long pastorate of thirty-seven years is so widely known and so heartily appreciated as to have made the Second Unitarian Church famous wherever rational thought and spiritual religion are known.

Surely with such a splendid history as this your church merits the warmest appreciation and the heartiest congratulations of all who are in accord with the best and ripest thought of the age in all matters pertaining to religion. Please accept for yourself and your church my most cordial felicitations, and believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

D. W. MOREHOUSE.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., April 7, 1901.

Dear Mr. Chadwick:

It would be a great pleasure and satisfaction to Mrs. Janes and myself if we could participate in the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Second Unitarian Society of Brooklyn, but it is a pleasure that we must forego. We shall nevertheless be with you in spirit, with grateful hearts for all that the pulpit teaching and friendly associations of the little chapel have meant to us.

Better fifty years of Chadwick than a cycle of obscurantism. If the present minister may not claim all the glory of these fifty years, he has grandly fulfilled the promise of Longfellow and Staples: there has been no break in the consistent sincerity of the pulpit teaching.

All that we owe to this teaching can never be expressed in words. For nearly half of these fifty years the Second

Unitarian Society has been at once our university and our spiritual home; we look back to it as graduates to their Alma Mater.

Greetings and congratulations, dear friends! The beneficent influences of your associated life are not limited to five decades, nor to a fraction of two centuries. They are your bequest to generations yet to be.

LEWIS G. JANES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 9, 1901.

Dear John:

Greeting from our Church Home to your Church Home and yourself in your festival hour!

I think of your little church as a small, strong spring of very living water, whose brook has flowed far through our parish fields, and always as a quickening, enriching, brightening influence. We ministers all have often bent and borrowed from the stream—as we still do, and more than ever expect to. Few of our churches during these fifty restless years can show record of such continuous pulpit benefaction as the names Longfellow, Staples, Chadwick suggest. I have seen Longfellow's "No Good Thing is Failure, No Evil Thing Success" carved over the mantel of our liveliest church in the West; in his old Milwaukee meeting house have had Staples held up to me as type of a minister's success; and for many years no Easter service has seemed quite fulfilled in its tenderness without Chadwick's "It Singeth Low." Two of the three, because they had brothers born to them, are known almost as well by their first names as their last, and the other one, because he has made many brothers, has his "John" just as securely homed in our hearts. May the people who have shared you all so widely with others, long know no other than their three—and Annie!

Truly yours,

W. C. GANNETT.

POSTSCRIPT.

On Tuesday evening, April 16, the celebration of the anniversary ended with a reception at No. 626 Carlton Avenue, Mr. Henry W. Maxwell, president of the Board of Trustees, joining in this with Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick. There was an overflowing company of happy friends, and the parlors were transfigured with the beauty of abundant flowers, roses and others coming by fifties in token of the fifty vanished years. Mrs. Vincent Coryell added a perfect grace to the occasion with her violin. It is impossible to individualize the thanks which are due to all those who contributed to the success of the celebration. But it seems only right to mention Mr. Maxwell's *carte blanche* for the floral decoration of the church and for the printing of this publication. Our "Thankoffering," amounting nearly to five hundred dollars, has replenished the Flower Fund and that of the Post Office Mission, and part of it will go upon such errands as Richard Henry Manning loved and did while he was our living friend, and in his honored name. The stenographic work of Mrs. Brockway and Miss Sessions has been already mentioned as deserving thanks and praise. Last, but not least, our organist and chorister, Mr. J. Lawrence Erb, with each member of the choir, might well receive some grateful recognition were it not that they are so vitally a part of the Society that thanks to them would be not only to but from themselves.

"That which becomes us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage and the endeavor to realize our aspirations. Shall not the heart which has received so much trust the Life by which it lives? May it not quit other leadings and listen to the Soul which has guided it so reverently and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?"

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